Iter Boreale:

OR

Eſq; SPARE-PENNY's

DEPARTURE to the *NORTH.*

JULY the Third.

AFter long Practis'd Malice in the *South*,
Brutus, (the People's Ear, the People's Mouth,)
At length moſt prudently has Sally'd forth,
And Cautiouſly retired to His *North*:
His Poyſon he has left behind in *London*,
By whoſe Infection *Whigland*'s *Chiefs* are undone.
Charter lyes bleeding, *Orphans* joyned Crys
Reach Heaven, while the *Guilty Cauſer* flys:
Whole *Corporation* ſuffers for believing
Sneaksby, who but one Garret had to live in:
Yet had he had his *Arbitrary Swing*,
Would *All* our *Nobles* to his *Nine-pence* bring:
Would curtail *Monarchs*, and by Grand Debate
Reduce *Great Britain* to an *Hamburgh State*,
(*For Eighty Two ſhould be as Forty Eight.*)
But ſince *Great Ends* by *Providence* are croſs'd,
And *Jeſuit-Whigg* Deſigns in Blanket's toſs'd;
Since *Jurors* muſt no longer be *forſworn*,
Nor *private ſenſe* 'gainſt *ſolemn Oath* ſuborn;
Since *O*'s *Depoſal*'s are *immortaliz'd*,
And *El*— ſtill remains *Uncircumcis'd*;

Since

Since *Loyalty* muſt *take*, and *All* are for't;
Since *Pomfret Eloquence* wont take at Court;
Since *Riots* for the Publick Weal can't be
Secure, without Invading *Royalty*;
And *legal Bearings-up* againſt the *Power*,
(*In Peoples Right*) force *Demagogues* to th' *Tower*:
Since All the Juyce of *Tony's Tap's* quite ſpent,
Which ſuckled long both *Good Old Cauſe*, and *Trent*;
(*For ſome, who this Way look, are* that Way *Bent*;)
Since *Bacon's Brazen Head* fix'd on His Shoulders,
TIME WAS, can onely ſay to *Property Upholders*:
Since *Legal Monarchy* muſt Rule the Roaſt,
And *C*—— determin'd is to *Keep* his *Poſt*:
Since *Envy*, *Hatred*, *Malice*, do ſmall Feats;
Party Detected in All *Holy Cheats*;
Thouſands of *Guinneys* can't have Influence
On Him who hath of *Loyalty* Due ſenſe;
Since neither *Wapping-Treats* nor *Whiggshead Clubbs*
Aſſert the Right of *Perkin*, or the *Tubbs*;
Since *Truth*, and *Onely Truth* muſt now prevail,
Maugre *St. Tony's Tap*, or *Steven's Flail*;
And *Brutus*, lately *London's Demagogue*,
No *Office* have but where men *diſembogue*:
'Tis Time, High Time to quit that Hated Place,
Where nought but *Loyal* muſt *dare* ſhew its face:
So Fiends *Aſſociate-Wizzards* ſtill forſake,
Cajol'd with Hopes until they come to Stake:
Thus *Inmate Rats*, who firſt eſpy the Flaw
In Ruinous Buildings, *prudently* withdraw:
HE ſmells *Whigg-Babel's* Fall, & parting, ſeems to ſay,
Periſh Ye with your *Cauſe*, ſo I be out o'th' Way.

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